

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

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CHAPTER XLV. A SCENE.

A DAY or two later came another "interference," as it is styled in the Methodist dialect, and of a far more efficacious kind.

Miss Lacroix was exploring the neighbourhood by herself, being fond of long walks, during which she had to reflect on her miserable unprotected position, and how

as compelled literally to live upon her though, like the gentleman who con-

sulted himself on having a country to sell, she might find comfort in the fact that she had wits on which to live. Living "from hand to mouth" was a more appropriate phrase, as, after this visit was terminated, she was not very certain where her next "situation," as she called it, was to be. Engaged in this forecast, which she did not entertain with despondency, she heard a footstep behind her, as if someone were running. It was in one of the pretty green paths across the fields, with a stile at each end. Looking round, she found it was a fresh, honest-looking young man, who was somewhat out of breath. He took off his hat, and, laughing as he spoke, said that he had had such a chase after her, that really he had lost his way, and there was no one to ask but herself; "So I ran after you," he said. "I want to get to Joliffe's Court."

Miss Lacroix directed him, without being fluttered as some young ladies might have been, adding she was going there herself, but that he would walk faster and get there sooner than she would.

"Oh, I am in no hurry," the young man said.

"I was not thinking of that," said the lady quickly, stopping short, "but it would be more desirable that I should continue my walk as I began it."

Rather abashed, the young man took off his hat and bowed, and Miss Lacroix pursued her way, "as she began it."

She did not return for some time, and then went to her room; when she came down to the drawing-room, she met Mr. Pringle coming from his room, very flustered and in a state of trepidation.

"It is intolerable, this persecution! That fellow and his scheming wife have sent the brother here, to bully and intimidate me into giving them money. He has succeeded in frightening Mrs. Pringle, as it is, with his menaces."

"But you have right on your side," said Miss Lacroix, "and cannot be forced into such a thing."

"He says he won't leave the house; and that, if I refuse him, he will bring the two down here, and force me to take them in."

"Surely that is nonsense," said Miss Lacroix. "He is talking wildly. Perhaps the presence of a lady will be some restraint."

She entered the drawing-room, and recognised the gentleman she had met in the fields. He was walking up and down, speaking very coolly, and, as it seemed, respectfully to Mrs. Pringle; but this firmness may have had the effect of threats on Sam.

"These threats," said Mr. Pringle, in agitation, "you dare not carry them out."

"I beg your pardon," said he in the same tone. "We can't be trifled with any longer. I am not going to let my

poor sister starve. Your son is bound to support her, and you must support him. Come, give me an answer, yes or no. It's all the same."

"Pray, what will you do," said Miss Lacroix, "in case they do trifle with you?"

"I have told him. I give you the choice of a dozen courses. What would you say to my going down into the village and calling a meeting to tell them the whole story, and working up public feeling against you? You would not like that exactly; or that we should bring an action, and drag you before the courts? The good-natured, jocular Mr. Sam Pringle turning out an unnatural parent! What fun for your fine London friends! Come, now; think better of it, and let me go away with a favourable answer."

The reader will have already recognised the vigorous procedure of Tom Dawson, always blunt and decided where his dear little sister was concerned.

The Pringles looked irresolutely and helplessly at each other. They were on the point of giving in. That random shot about addressing the mob in the village had told. They were already unpopular, particularly old Sam, who had been "screwing up" rents, &c.

They looked helplessly round, as we have said.

"You will not accept this tone," said Miss Lacroix, suddenly. "This gentleman surely does not mean to come here with threats, to frighten you into concessions. I should deal with him as one would with other persons we read of who threaten with a view to extorting money."

Tom Dawson started, and looked confused.

"It is unmanly," she went on. "I would not give a farthing. Let him go down to the village to get up his mob; you send to the police at the same time. As for the ridiculous threat of going to law, he knows it can do no good, unless he wishes to make out that his sister is chargeable to the parish, and claims a pauper's allowance. Were I you I would not yield a hair's breadth in the matter."

Tom Dawson was so accustomed to carrying points at the first rush by sheer impudence or insolence, that he was quite unprepared for this counter attack. He faltered and grew confused. Sam and Mrs. Pringle began to rally their forces.

"The young lady is quite right. Do your worst, sir. Not one sixpence of my

money shall they have, or you bully me out of."

"I don't want to do that," said Tom, feeling a pang from the thought that he was injuring his sister's case deplorably.

"But surely, as a matter of justice——"

"Don't talk to me, sir. Who are you? I've a good mind to send for a policeman to remove you as a trespasser."

"I am sure," said Tom, respectfully, "this young lady will see the hardship of it, if she will only kindly consider it. I am quite ready at her request to withdraw if I have intruded."

"I have no interest in the question," said she, coldly. "Pray do not appeal to me."

"An interesting, innocent girl; too young to encounter hardship. If you only saw her, you would feel for her, and say it was, at least, a hardship. You are encouraging these persons in their inhumanity."

"I am sorry that there should be such a state of things," said the lady, coldly.

"You attribute too much influence to me."

"Who are you? Why should you interfere at all, then?" he said, with a sudden change of manner. "If you had not come in now, I should have got what I came for. There is something purely malicious in your interference."

"You are complimentary; but I must speak from the way the thing strikes me. I would never allow myself to be drawn into in such a strain. In my own house, did I possess one, no one should venture to address threats to me. They should leave at once, even if I had to send for a policeman."

"Come, sir; no abuse of this young lady. You had better be off. I don't choose you to stay here longer. No bullying will go down in this house, that I can tell you. I cast them both off; and they shall beg or starve, as seems only too likely, before they get anything from me."

Much abashed—perhaps for the first time—under the coldly-indifferent eyes of Miss Lacroix, Tom Dawson had to withdraw. It had been a most painfully humiliating adventure; and yet, alas, he had confidently bade his sister "leave it all to him; he would settle it."

"Why, you poor pair of infants," he had said pleasantly, "you see you could do nothing without Tom!"

Young Mr. Pringle accepted Tom's humour, and allowed himself to be styled

"an infant" in the hope that Tom, whose powers he respected, was to settle everything. Indeed, he was growing tired of the state of things about him, and was pining for ease and comfort. He, however, thought he would not be too thankful to Tom, as it would make him think too much of himself. That day was accordingly spent in a rather fretful state by the pair until the evening, when Tom presented himself with dejected face, and said, bluntly:

"No go, Phib; it's no go."

After which, Mrs. Dawson—good, honest, lady—began to think, with a sigh, that she would have to take the pair in after all. But she sighed more heavily when she thought of what was to be the fate of her darling Phoebe. It was evident that Mr. Pringle did not appreciate her, and was, in fact, "a bad fellow."

CHAPTER XLVI. A CLEVER MOVE.

RETURNING now to Joliffe's Court, we shall find the Pringle family in great delight and satisfaction with their guest, who had proved herself so valuable an ally. Miss Lacroix's prestige was raised to a very high degree. Succeeding events, however, were to raise it still higher, to establish her influence on the firmest basis. Again, it may be repeated, that we are not following the steps of the rather hackneyed adventures, but of a person of a strong sense and shrewdness, whose lot has been cast among rather weak personages. She was not gifted with the regular virtues, but she affected principle, and would take her stand upon the rigid letter of the word. She could be just to the nicest measure, but was not called on, as she thought, to go beyond. As it was, she now found her position a most promising and agreeable one, for "she was exactly the sort of person" to suit the Pringles.

Miss Lacroix had soon found out also how things stood ecclesiastically—how the helpless Dr. Potts was overborne by his rampant curate, who was going to introduce "evensong" and other ceremonials, and was fast enlisting all the interesting young ladies of the parish in a sort of regiment of decorators, who would have plenty to do under his direction. As we have seen, the Pringles were eager to adopt any proposition, of any description, that would lend them the importance of being subscribers, and they were anxious to become passionate "restorers" and

decorators, under the guidance of the enthusiastic curate.

This young gentleman had been asked to dinner, and arrived, clad after the highest mode of the clerical dandyism of his school. He was agreeable, fluent; engrossing all the talk to himself; and tolerating but one subject—that of "what I propose doing." He mentioned a vast number of people with titles—Lady Marys and Lady Janes—whom he had secured, the very mention of whose names seemed, as is the case with many persons, to be as "clinching" as a logical argument. He spoke of his chief as "the poor old Doctor;" and when the Homertons of Toplow were mentioned, he disposed of them half contemptuously, declaring "they were superannuated fogies." The Pringles tittered and smiled, and joined in obsequiously. Miss Lacroix, when she was appealed to, alone dissented, and from that hour incurred the dislike, if not the contempt, of the ardent young curate. In the drawing-room she, in her quiet and very unobtrusive way, gave her reason for this opposition. "I am sure," she said, "that this will become a burning question in the parish, and that you will be divided into two camps. You will then be forced to take a side."

"It will be great fun," said the stupid ponies, eagerly; "we and Mr. Prettyman must win."

Mrs. Pringle, however, looked at the ponies reflectively, as though this suggested a new idea, and she then rather coldly reproved her girls.

"You should not be so eager to commit yourselves before you know how the thing stands."

And when the gentlemen came in, Mr. Prettyman was disagreeably surprised to find that the lady of the house had grown a little cold.

Curiously enough, it turned out as Miss Lacroix had predicted. A difference arose between Dr. Potts and his curate, and the parish was drawn into the dispute. The beautifying or disfigurement—according to each prejudiced view—of the little church, was the grand question of the hour, and the various important parties took the side either of the rector or his curate, according as their feelings prompted. Soon it was known that old Dr. Potts and young Mr. Prettyman were not on speaking terms.

A short time after her arrival, Miss Lacroix, who, as we have seen, was fond of taking walks, happened to pass by this

old church, and, seeing the door open, strayed in. It was a cool, and gray, and ancient little place, which it seemed quite as much a profanation to restore or beautify, as to deck out some venerable old Quakeress in the ridiculous swaddling clothes with which our modern young ladies delight to hamper their lower limbs. As she was gazing at one of the old windows which seemed to roll in crystal ripples, and was grimed and dusty, yet mellow in tone like old sherry, she heard voices close by as though engaged in an angry discussion.

"I protest against the whole thing, sir, and I won't have it. We are not accustomed to this new-fangled nonsense, and we got on very well here in the old way, before you came to disturb us with these tawdry improvements. Restoration, indeed!—destruction, you mean."

It was the old baronet and the young curate, engaged in a discussion. The latter was quite good-humoured, but irritating.

"You are not, to use a homely phrase, Sir Gilbert, quite up to the time of day. All these things, excuse me for saying so, are not quite intelligible to those of the older school. And as for stopping the course, you might as well get Mrs. Partington's mop."

"I don't know the woman," said the baronet testily.

"Besides, my dear sir, you are almost alone in these views. All the important persons of the parish, your neighbours the Pringles—"

They came round the corner of the church at this moment, before the young lady was able to avoid them.

"Ah! here is Miss Pringle herself, or rather Miss Lacroix. She could tell you the same."

Sir Gilbert grew red.

"I don't care to discuss it any more. I shall see the bishop about it at once. I have an affection for this old place, where my father, and his father before him, used to worship. And I don't want to see it destroyed to please all the Pringles in Europe."

"But if I might correct Sir Gilbert Homerton," said Miss Lacroix, deferentially, "I believe he is under a mistake as to that family. They are as much opposed to change as he is."

"What?" cried the curate, turning red in his turn, "you can't know anything about the case! Mrs. Pringle has thrown herself heart and soul into the case, and has promised a large subscription."

"I daresay," said Miss Lacroix, quietly; "but such are not their present views. They were comparative strangers then, and did not understand the question."

The old baronet said, triumphantly: "There, sir! You see there are rational people still left in the parish."

"I am sure, sir," said the lady, "they will be delighted to find that you approve of their conduct. But, apart from that, it seems a terrible thing that these venerable old places should be pulled to pieces in this way."

"Exactly what I have just been saying, ma'am. My father and his father sat here in the old place; but, with these new-fangled notions, everything will be uprooted."

"I must look into this. I shall call on Mr. Pringle this very morning," said the young curate, darting an angry look at the lady. He shortly afterwards took his leave, while Sir Gilbert enlarged warmly, and to a sympathetic listener, on the absurdity of these "new-fangled" notions. "Every one," he went on, "should rally round the grand old cause, and I am glad to hear from you that the new owners of Joliffe's Court see the thing in the same light."

"Well," said she, "I am sure they do; and I believe most firmly, if it were impressed upon them—as you say they are new to the district—"

"No doubt," said Sir Gilbert, "they are."

That evening, as the family were looking ruefully at their "lists," deploring their want of acquaintances, and abusing the "stuck-up" airs of the people about, Miss Lacroix said in her tranquil way:

"These people are inclined to be friendly to you, and you will probably see a change in their manner to-morrow at church."

The family started. But the guest good-humouredly, and without the least conceit, begged of them to mark her words, and before to-morrow they would see she was something of a true prophetess.

The next day, after the service was over, and the state coach, with the powdered menials, had come reeling up—and when, as usual, the family, in spite of their magnificence, were glancing with timorous hesitation at their august acquaintances, willing to speak and yet afraid to salute—they were inexpressibly delighted, and even confounded, by the old baronet coming up in a frank manner, and talking with great cordiality. Nay, he became even confi-

dential, walking down the road a little while, the state carriage following behind. He put it to Mr. and Mrs. Pringle abruptly:

"Surely you don't go with these people and their new-fangled notions in pulling my old church to pieces?" Never were there such eager proselytes and warm adherents. They anticipated everything he said. They thought it monstrous, scandalous, that the venerable old church should be thus pulled to pieces. In short, this honest enthusiasm, especially the æsthetic devotion of the ponies, quite favourably impressed the stiff old baronet, and laid the foundation for an intimacy and for becoming good neighbours. The sagacity of Miss Lacroix, on which she did not in the least presume, was acknowledged as something really magical—so marvellous a result being produced by a simple knowledge of the stops and keys of human character. From that moment her ascendancy in the family was assured, for it was felt that such an ally or agent would be of extraordinary value in the family.

CHAPTER XLVII. A MEETING.

AFTER the failure of Tom's disastrous attempt at reconciliation, there was nothing left for the struggling pair but to commence their battle of life at once.

Mr. Pringle, in their dearth of money, had rescinded the contracts for the furniture, and had announced that a room or two furnished would do to start with, and would be as much as they could manage; and this he had given out as a final arrangement. Phoebe, much disappointed, mentioned this before her brother Tom—always reckless where money was concerned—and who roared out impatiently, "What humbug! What does he mean? You've not married a pauper, I hope. Why, the commonest shop-girl that's married has her own furniture! Oh, come! we're not going to stand that. Don't you put your foot in the house until it is fit for you to go into." These words sank deep into Phoebe's soul; her pride was touched. She had not, as we have seen, a mind of the strongest pattern nor of a very original cast; it copied everything—from dresses to words and speeches. Her mother, too—who was careless in her language, and always said so much more than she meant, that it often took the very opposite shape to truth—repeated the same idea with even coarser emphasis—"Why,

he doesn't take you for a servant-maid, I hope!"

When, therefore, Phoebe confronted her husband, she was all inflamed to defiance by the sense of the insult that had been offered to her.

"I shall not quit the hotel," she said, "until you have a properly-furnished house to bring me to. Why, even a common servant-maid would not be treated in such a way. I shall stay here!"

"Someone has been putting you up to this!" he said, in a fury.

"I am not quite a pauper," she replied; "and you'll have to pay on here for me until the place is properly furnished."

Mr. Pringle turned white with rage. He knew not what to do. He was, in truth, contending with three persons, and he felt himself overmatched. He could not trust himself to discuss it, and, indeed, had not heart to fight the matter. His only course was to rush out into the Park and some of the lonely streets, and there, in a sort of despair, prey upon his own heart, and bewail his sad lot—the bright hopes that he had sacrificed, and the troubles and miseries into which he had so recklessly flung himself. Then he found a dismal occupation in wandering by the new house which had been taken—not in Chapel-street, but in Pimlico—in one of the monotonous, hungry-looking streets, that cross and recross each other with a sort of mean uniformity, at the back of St. George's-road. Rather squeezed, with a portico, in Cambridge-street, was the house chosen, at a slender rent, and inside a cheerful, compact little tenement: one, in short, where "the happy pair"—provided they were happy—could be comfortable. Around it, as we said, was this waste of new yellow streets—a short course of wandering among which—and perhaps of losing one's way, together with the sense of being an utter stranger in the new district—was certain to reduce the new settler to the most hopeless dejection. It was into this wilderness that he rushed when he left Phoebe, and wandered about for a good hour. For the new house he had a sort of hatred. The light shining through its unfurnished drawing-rooms as through a lantern; the untidy straw on its steps; and its helpless, and at the same time arrogant air, as who should say: "It is your duty to put me to rights, and set me off to the best advantage. I shan't exert myself, and you will have to do it," seemed almost like an echo of Phoebe's rebellious declarations.

As he was looking at this mansion ruefully, and bethinking him more ruefully still, a hansom cab drove by. A lady was in it, and alone. There was something in the face—he had surely seen it before. The face looked out after him eagerly. He ought to know it.

Suddenly the cab stopped, and he found himself hurrying towards it. A hand was put out.

"What! forgotten me already? Surely you recollect Adelaide?"

The lady got down. The cab was sent away, and the pair walked long up and down the lonely cream-coloured street. His old spirit returned; it was so refreshing to meet with a friendly and kindly face. She told him all her adventures, and how she was now up in town on some business of her own, and doing some commissions for the family.

"It is strange, is it not," she said, in her calm way, "that we should have changed places? I am installed where you were."

"Yes," he said bitterly; "I am well punished, and you are avenged!"

"Avenged! What tragic words to use! No, it is only the fortune of war, or luck. I am afraid I did not aid your cause the other day, when you sent down a very rough agent to plead for you?"

"Yes," he said angrily, "that was her brother. So like his rude ways. But you—was it you that—opposed him?"

"They were my friends," she said calmly, "and I would not see them intimidated or oppressed. I am loyal to those who are loyal to me; though, I can assure you, I would disdain any feeling of resentment towards you on the score of any old injuries."

"Still he said that but for your interference they would have given way."

"He was right."

"That looks as if you do bear malice."

"Nothing of the kind," she answered coldly, "though you must recollect, that your treatment of me certainly did not justify you in counting on any service from me. Well," she added abruptly, "so you have married—and certainly in haste."

"Yes," he said bitterly, "I suppose you mean, to repent at—"

"Not at leisure," she said gravely; "even that reprieve is not allowed."

"Yes," he said, "it is a wretched business; but I suppose I must go through with it, and suffer. There is literally nothing but beggary before me. It was

a mistake—a cruel mistake—as I find out now. I was taken in by a child. She has not grown up yet—nor ever will grow up."

"Don't say that, for you are not complimenting yourself."

She seemed to take pleasure in giving him these thrusts. After a pause, she said:

"What, now, do you propose to do?"

"Nothing," he answered; "let things take their course. What can I do?"

"You should exert yourself; others are now depending on you. Is there no one—of a more suitable character than your brother-in-law—that you could ask to intercede for you?"

"No one," he said, hopelessly.

"Why don't you think of me? Why not ask me?"

"You!" He started. "Oh, but would you—How generous—how forgiving of you."

"Not so much as you would suppose, perhaps. Besides, I could not undertake to do much. I might try and persuade them to let you have a small allowance for decency's sake. But I could not, and they would not, do more. I am not called upon—you will admit that. Further, should I attempt anything of the kind, I would make my conditions."

"Name them—anything—" he said eagerly.

"You see, self-preservation is the first law. Your wife has already nearly ruined my prospects—I don't mean in any relation with you, don't flatter yourself. She was the cause of my being sent from the school in disgrace. I daresay you never heard that part of the story."

"No, indeed," he said in some wonder.

"Well, then, I cannot expose myself to the risk of losing my present good friends by another plot of the kind. I must look to myself. So you must engage solemnly that your wife is to know nothing of this."

He gave a complacent smile.

"Oh, don't think for a moment that I want to draw you into any plot or underhand arrangement! I simply wish to do what everyone in this world does, except the fools—I mean take care of myself. Your wife, I frankly confess, I do not like; but I have no thoughts of revenge, or anything of the kind. I simply wish to keep clear of her. At the same time I am not called upon to make any exertion, or go out of my way to save or spare her anything. You understand me?"

Our hero did not, it must be confessed,

understand very clearly; but he eagerly adopted all that his companion said, and made every promise.

"Neither must you," she went on, "expect very much. You have asked me to intercede with your people for you, and I do not know that anything can be done; but still, I will try. And now, about yourself," she went on; "what are you busy with at this moment. What plans have you in view?"

They walked on a little, and he showed her the new house.

"This is what I am reduced to now," he said; "that fine estate and castle all lost to me."

"Well, 'tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin,'" she said with a smile; "you were determined on it even from the days at the school. And you are in the midst of the worry of furnishing, of course?"

"Worry, indeed," he answered bitterly.

This led on to confidences, when he unfolded all his troubles, and particularly the last little dispute, or dead lock.

"Don't be so foolish," she said. "I give it entirely against you. She is quite right. Why should she not have her little furniture? You could not ask her to sit down in bare rooms, and with bare walls about her. Of course it does not concern me, but only yourself. There is no help for the thing now—no means of retreat. You and she will both have to work it out. That reflection will help you to put up with much."

The lady here got into her hansom cab.

"Stay, wait," he said. "I am so bewildered! Where are you staying? When shall I see you—"

"Nowhere! Not at all! You shall learn in good time, if I can do anything. But expect nothing—that will be the best way."

She drove off, leaving him rather bewildered, and not a little excited. It was a glimpse of light in his solitude; something to lift him out of the weary cankering dejection in which he had been plunged. How changed was she, in the short time, from the drudge of the school to the spirited, piquant woman, in whose presence he felt quite awed and "small," as it were! Above all, the contrast forced itself on him, between the fretful, thoughtless creature who was under his charge, and the masterful woman who seemed able to control events, and to make up for lack of advantages by power of will and a readiness of resource. It was indeed a

glimpse of life, and he felt a pang as he thought that she was hurrying to the home whence he was exiled, and that he must now return to the scenes of suffering that awaited him.

SPOKEN WITH AT SEA.

THERE are few more talkative things in this world than flags. They are always talking, as long as daylight renders them visible. The Royal Standard talks—it tells us that the sovereign is in the ship, or in the palace, over which that magnificent flag floats in the wind. The Union Jack and the Admiralty Anchor-Flag talk in their respective languages. A red flag hoisted on a man-of-war talks of the chief naval dignitary on board being an admiral of the red squadron; the particular mast on which it is hoisted denoting whether he is a full admiral, vice-admiral, or rear-admiral. If, instead of red, this flag be white or blue, it talks of being the flag-ship of an admiral of the white or of the blue squadron. Thus the flag, in its talk, not only tells of a higher officer than a captain being on board, but denotes to which of nine grades of admiral this higher officer belongs.

Not only does England do this, but every maritime country also: the flag-talk is busy on all seas and oceans. Besides these means of saying "I am a rear-admiral's flag-ship," "I belong to the red squadron," "I am an Admiralty yacht," "I am a royal yacht with the sovereign on board"—besides this kind of talk, one particular flag denotes to what country or state the ship belongs. Every ship adopts this mode of showing its nationality; and care is taken that the several flags shall be different, in order that mistakes should not arise in identifying them. Red over white and blue; blue over red and white; white over red and blue; the three colours side by side, instead of one under another; the three ranged diagonally, or in one patch with two stripes; white or yellow or golden devices on a red or blue ground; rectangular and diagonal stripes on a blue ground; a rectangle of chess-like squares in two colours; lions, unicorns, griffins, elephants, crescents, lambs, crosses, stars, castles—all are included among the devices adopted on national flags. There is evidently some cogent reason, on the score of distinctness, for the extensive adoption of the tri-colour arrangement; probably it is found to catch the eye readily at a distance.

Some of these national flags have three horizontal stripes—blue, white, blue, for Buenos Ayres; red, white, blue, for Holland; green, yellow, green, for Egypt. Some have three vertical stripes—black, yellow, red, for Belgium; blue, white, red, for France. All these five are quite plain, displaying nothing but the colours of the three stripes; but there are other states—such as Austria, Italy, Mexico, Venezuela, and Peru—which, besides three vertical or horizontal stripes, bear devices of some additional kind, in gold or in colours. Departing from the simple tri-colour system, the United States are proud of their stars and stripes. Russia has a blue cross on a white ground. His Holiness the Pope had—has he still?—the triple crown and the keys. Denmark has a burgee-flag, with a white cross on a red ground. A burgee, be it noted, is a square flag with a notch or indentation on one edge.

It is a part of the duty of a sailor to know these flags of all nations, as they float mast-high in the breeze. A knowledge of the country or state to which a passing ship belongs is a necessary preliminary to the acquisition of other useful information relating to her.

Every ship, like every man and woman, has a name; and this name plays an important part when two vessels "speak" at sea. The name, as written on the hull, cannot be read at any great distance; but it can be denoted by a flag or flags. Herein arises a difficulty which puzzles some land-lubbers. Supposing there to be fifty thousand vessels ploughing the ocean, each having its own well-understood name, are there to be fifty thousand arrangements of letters denoted by fifty thousand combinations of flags? Some of the names are rather lengthy, such as the Duke of Wellington and the City of Philadelphia—the one comprising sixteen letters and the other eighteen—and arrangements of flags to denote all the letters of such designations would speedily exhaust the practicable combinations. The solution of this problem was almost hopeless till about twenty years ago, when, consequent on the passing of an important Act of Parliament, it was ordered that every English vessel, large and small, should bear a number as well as a name; and should stick to that number as long as its timbers held together. Nay, even when the ship is dead and gone, its number still lives, and is not supplied to any other. The number is inscribed on some part of the ship

itself, and is also recorded in a register kept by the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, or the Registrar of Shipping.

To give a number, as well as a name, to a ship is easy enough; but the real difficulty begins when an attempt is made to denote all those numbers by means of flags. Various signal-codes or systems had been invented, and partially adopted, in England, France, the United States, and other countries. These were thoroughly overhauled, with a view of ascertaining whether any of them would accommodate—say—fifty thousand names, or rather numbers, of ships, as well as other kinds of sea talker-talkers to be noticed presently. The choice fell upon a code invented by Captain Marryat, and much used in the merchant service; this was taken as the basis, and useful features were added to it from any or all of the other codes. The Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the Trinity House, the Shipowners' Societies of London and Liverpool, all aided in this useful work—seeing that war ships and trading ships are alike interested in being able to talk at sea.

There is the name of the ship, there is her number, and there is a code-book printed with each of these numbers opposite its proper name. Thus provided, the captain talks by means of flags; telling his own number, and asking for the number of any passing vessel. By an ingenious system, which has taken a world of thought to develop into practical form, any number, whatever it may be, can be denoted by means of four flags. According to their respective shapes, colours, and devices, and to the mode in which they are arranged, the four flags denote the four consonants N X L T, or K C D P; or S M G N, or Q H N R, or any other among tens of thousands of combinations. On referring to the code-book, it is found that each of these groups of four consonants is opposite a particular number, and that this number is specially appropriated to a ship bearing a particular name. The good ship Skylark, we will suppose, when sailing down the Channel, meets another ship with which Captain Bowline wishes to have a bit of chat. The other ship, by means of four selected flags, shows the symbol M D F G; Bowline refers to his code-book, and finds the number which this denotes, and also the name denoted by the number. The two ships thus learn each other's names, and then talk away on other subjects.

Now, what are these other subjects, and how is the conversation managed? Although every ship is denoted by a symbol of four consonants, it does not follow that every symbol of four consonants denotes a ship; some, by an ingenious arrangement, are made to signify geographical terms—such as the names of countries, cities, seaports, headlands, isthmuses, rivers, seas, bays, gulfs, roadsteads, and so forth. For the sake of distinction, all such geographical terms are symbolised by groups of four consonants beginning with B. Almost every lighthouse in the world—to what nation soever belonging—has its own symbol in the code-book. All pleasure yachts hoist, over the flags denoting their number, the burgee of the clubs to which they respectively belong. But the words of a vocabulary, and the sentences of a code, go far beyond these examples in variety and in curiosity of detail.

Let us see what this talkee-talkie on the wide ocean really implies. It relates to something more than the accidental meeting of two ships. The admiral of a fleet is talking all day long with the several ships composing it—asking and answering questions, and giving instructions. The same flags which denote ships' numbers and names will also serve for this conversational purpose by modifying their arrangement. The admiral is responsible to the nation for all the ships in his fleet; and very necessary it is that he should be well acquainted with their movements. The signal-flags are susceptible of being hauled up and down quickly, so that the conversation can be carried on with some briskness. A flag-lieutenant, or other signal-officer, in each ship of war is specially charged with this duty; and his watchful eye must always be on the alert, looking out for signals shown by other ships. Instructions for fighting as well as for sailing are given by varying the flags hoisted. On important occasions it may be requisite that only the admirals and captains of a fleet—or a few other officers in addition—should know the meaning of some of the signals. Even the signal-officer, when he tells his commander that a particular signal is shown from a distant ship, may be able to describe the arrangement of the flags, without knowing the verbal meaning conveyed.

There would be a waste of power if four consonants were invariably the number used for a symbol; three are useful, or two, or even one. One single letter is sparingly

used, to denote short simple words of frequent occurrence. Symbols of two letters each are set apart for urgent messages or signals, to which immediate attention is desired. The combinations of three consonants are available for general conversation, enabling two ships to converse as long as the flags are visible. It has been found, in the British navy, that as many as a thousand instructions, or orders, relating to sailing, manœuvring, and belligerent action, can be expressed by three flags each, ringing the changes among many sizes, shapes, colours, devices, and modes of array. Of course this number is largely increased when four are used: as will be understood by any schoolboy pretty well up in the rule of permutation.

We have said that a number, as well as a name, belongs to every ship. Royal vessels are at once known from merchant ships by their Union Jack being hoisted over the number-flags. As examples of the numbering, we may take the Achilles, which figures as No. 3; the Duke of Wellington has the number 205; the Hercules, 319; the Minotaur, 458; the Serapis, 623; the Sultan—the Duke of Edinburgh's new command—673; the Warrior, 751.

The code-book, more than once mentioned, is most ingeniously packed with as many useful words, phrases, and sentences as can be rapidly signalled. Here they are by thousands, and the talking power of Captain Bowline is immense, if he chooses to avail himself of it. A vocabulary, forming one part of the code, comprises a long list of single words, or pairs of words forming phrases. The selection of these words has been a matter of much consideration: the practical wants of the mariner being in all cases the primary matter taken into account. Every word or phrase used has a distinguishing number allotted to it in the code-book; thus, 0196 is campaign; 0286, commissariat; 0472, famine; 0675, obstruction; 0761, ransom; 0795, rescue; 0813, retreat; 0916, temperature. These are distinguished from the numbers denoting the names of ships by a particular flag being hoisted on some other mast-head.

The conversational part of the code, if we may so term it, is the most remarkable of all. Five or six thousand short sentences are here collected—questions, answers, and remarks—likely to be useful at sea; some for war ships, some for trading ships, some for all alike. A captain would not like to see 7083 of this code hoisted on a

ship of war; it means, "Heave-to, or I will fire into you." Dire distresses have each their distinguishing number—all such, for instance, as "Minute-guns are firing;" "Short of provisions;" "All hands at the pumps;" "Water-logged and abandoned;" "Ship ashore;" "Ship on fire;" "Ship in distress." Troubles of a less gloomy kind, but still serious enough to render a mariner anxious, are exemplified in "Broke the shaft of steam-engine;" "Prepare for a hurricane;" "Will you take us in tow?" "Send me an anchor and cable immediately;" "Driven by stress of weather;" "Out of water—can you supply us?" Among the multifarious sentences of less sombre character are such as the following: "Send an answer;" "Your signal is not distinct;" "What is your Greenwich time" (an important matter in determining latitudes and longitudes); "Where did you lose the trade-winds?" "What course does she steer?" "Can you accommodate a few passengers?" "Have you any letters for—?" "We have emigrants on board, and are bound to—;" "If it thickens, use fog-signals;" "Have you had a good fishing season?" "Assorted or miscellaneous cargo;" "Have had moderate weather;" "Have you a spare code of signals?" Every one of these sentences has its number and its group of consonants in the code-book, denoting what flags are to be hoisted; and so of the thousands of others.

Happily for the world, only a small part of the time of a ship of war is spent in fighting; even the most audacious among them are only warlike on rare occasions; while some of the number pass through their whole career without hurling or receiving a hostile shot. Merchant ships, of course, outnumber ships of war greatly, and, as these do not prepare for fighting, the talk between them relates to navigation, seamanship, commerce, and other peaceful topics. Having nothing to do with circumventing the enemy, they have all the more signals to spare for every-day uses.

A little concerning the flags themselves. It is found, for the various kinds of signalling above described, that from sixteen to twenty flags are needed. They are sold in sets, at from four to six guineas per set, if made of the best bunting—a thin woollen material, woven chiefly for this special purpose. The quadrangular flags vary from six to eight feet in length, by four and a half to six feet in width; the triangular pendants are from twelve to eighteen feet

long, four feet wide at one end, and pointed at the other. Ten of the flags and pendants are known by numerals, 0 to 9; the rest receive distinctive names. The flags are hoisted one under another, in a vertical line, to give the signal. Whatever be the meaning, say, of LDMB, the flag denoting L is placed uppermost, then those denoting D and M, and the flag B lowest of all. The shape of the uppermost flag often gives information as to the class of message to which the signal itself belongs. It is obligatory on all British ships of war, troop ships, government store ships, and emigrant ships, to carry signal-flags. The owners of merchant ships may do as they like in the matter; but so many advantages result from the adoption of a uniform plan, that trading vessels are, in greater and greater number every year, becoming thus provided.

Three or four exceptional or minor kinds of flag-talk deserve a little notice. In the first place, the twenty-four hours of the day are denoted by twenty-four successive numbers, with something to distinguish them from other classes of signals. In the second place, three flags and a ball, instead of two or three flags only, are found convenient for indicating latitudes and longitudes. With regard to coasting vessels and small craft, it is scarcely deemed worth while to provide them with such an array of signalling apparatus as is required for large sea-going ships; two square and two oblong pieces of bunting, with two balls or bundles of any kind, are made to suffice, the signals given being comparatively few in number.

At night, when flags cannot be seen, ships rely chiefly on their lanterns for signalling. Lamps are hung out with a general observance of the same system, modified to suit the altered circumstances. For instance, a name or sentence expressed in the daytime by four flags ranged one under another, would, at night, be denoted by four ship lamps similarly arranged. Bags, or pieces of red bunting, are kept at hand to cover one or more of the lamps so as to provide a permutation of white and red lights.

SERVIAN SOLDIERS.

THE Servian army is composed of one hundred and forty thousand men, or nearly one-tenth of the whole population of the country. It is organised after a fashion peculiarly its own, which might be copied with advantage by other nations. Of the one hundred and forty thousand men

who can be called under arms at any moment—and who have, indeed, now taken the field against the Turks—only five thousand are what may be called regular troops, the rest being all militia. The regular troops are composed of two battalions of infantry; eighteen field batteries; five mountain batteries of light guns, carried on mules; two squadrons of cavalry; three companies of pioneers; and various small detachments of army workmen, hospital attendants, baggage train, &c. The idea of having this very small force of regulars seems to be that they should be a kind of pattern soldiers to the militia. In fact, when the army is mobilised, all the regulars, except the two squadrons of cavalry and the two battalions of infantry, are intermixed with the militia troops. The militia is divided into two classes. All male inhabitants of the country, without any exception whatever, who are from twenty to thirty-five years of age, are obliged to serve, and form what is called the first line, or first class; and those who are from thirty-five to fifty years old, form what is termed the second class, or reserve. The first class is composed of six divisions; each division has three brigades; and each brigade includes from three to five battalions of infantry, one or two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of field artillery of six guns. The six divisions are named after the six districts in which they are raised. The composition of the divisions varies in number and arms—at any rate as regards the cavalry and infantry. As a rule, however, each division may be said to have five or six squadrons of cavalry, and from thirteen to fifteen battalions of infantry, besides three field batteries of three guns each, which belong to the regular army; and three field batteries of six guns each. To these must be added, in each division, pioneers, pontoon companies, military artisans, and hospital attendants. Taken as a whole, the first line, or acting troops, of the army consists of:

Regulars	5,000
Militia of the active army, 80 battalions of 750 men each	60,000
33 squadrons of cavalry, 180 men each	5,940
18 companies of field artillery, 230 men each	4,140
18 detachments of pioneers, 170 men each	3,060
18 detachments of hospital attendants, 150 men each	2,700
18 detachments of military artisans, 30 men each	540
18 detachments army workmen, 25 men each	450
18 detachments baggage train, 30 men each	540

Total of the first line, or active army . 89,310
And about 264 guns of different sizes.

The second class, or reserve, of the national militia, ought to give a force equal to that of the first line, exclusive of infantry. But it does not do so; for it can only muster forty-eight thousand men, exclusive of the various extra detachments of the regular army; so that the total of the army, when both first and second class are called out, does not amount to more than from one hundred and thirty-nine thousand to one hundred and forty thousand men, all told. In addition to the two hundred and sixty-four guns noted above, there are in Servia some twenty-five or thirty reserve batteries and large guns. At Kragujevatz, the headquarters of the district in which Belgrade is situated, there is an arsenal, containing a cannon foundry, a manufactory of small arms, of cartridges, and of gun-caps. The cannon foundry can turn out half-a-dozen guns every week. The infantry are armed with rifles of American patterns, notably those of Peabody and Green, besides the Montigny patent. The uniform and drill of the troops are not unlike those of the French army, from which, indeed, Colonel Mondain, a French officer, who was the first to organise the Servian army in 1862, cleverly copied very much of the organisation of the troops. This officer was, as it were, lent to the Servians by the French Emperor in the year named above. He remained six or seven years in the country, fulfilling the duties of Commander-in-Chief as well as of Minister of War. He was succeeded by Colonel Bluznavatz, who had gone through his military education in Vienna; so that, what is not French in the Servian army is almost sure to be copied from the Austrians. The men are not very tall, but are, perhaps, the stoutest and strongest soldiers to be found in any service, and endure an immense amount of work without suffering or fatigue. Until now they have never been called upon to serve away from their own homes, where they learn their drill twice or three times a week, and are called out to serve in barracks for fifteen or twenty days at a time, twice in each year. The army may truly be called national, for it is immensely popular, and a man who attempted to shirk serving in it would be scouted by his friends, and even by his nearest relatives. The officers of the army are nearly all men of good, and of more or less wealthy families, who have gone through their military studies in France, Russia, or Austria. There is an artillery

college at Belgrade, in which many of the officers have been for a time; but the popular course, for a young man who wants to get on in the service, is to go to one or other of the foreign establishments named above. The artillery is the best arm of the Servian army. The officers of this branch of the service are exceedingly well educated at Belgrade, and the gunners all know their work remarkably well. The professors of the artillery college, when it was first instituted, were nearly all Germans or Austrians, and those who have come after them, many of whom are Servians, have kept up the traditions of the establishment, and teach their pupils exceedingly well. The artillery is beyond question the most popular branch of the national army. In the cavalry and infantry too much of the French dress, habits, and mode of drill have been engrafted on the quasi-oriental character of the men. Small shako, tight tunics, a loose, unsteady manner of marching on parade, and an inveterate habit of carrying on the line of march a quantity of provisions which greatly overload them, are all the effects of French teaching. Their regimental standards are very handsome, and being invariably blessed by the priests before a regiment goes on service, are looked upon as sacred. They are tricoloured—the blue, red, and white being diagonal, and not perpendicular as in France. On one side the arms of Servia are magnificently embroidered, and on the other is a figure of Saint Andrew, supporting the peculiar cross which goes by his name, the whole being embossed in solid gold thread. Those who take an interest in matters of military equipments, may remember a hideous forage-cap—"bonnet de police," as the French call it—which some ten or twelve years ago was partially introduced into the French army by the late Emperor, but was so ugly, and so unpopular, that it was never issued to more than a dozen regiments, and, after the first few months, was abolished altogether. It looked more like a badly-shaped bag than a cap, and its speciality lay in the fact of its having two large flaps which turned up at the sides, but which could be brought down over the wearer's ears, so as to protect him from damp or cold when sleeping in the open air. Colonel Mondain introduced this head-dress into the Servian army, and it is always worn on fatigue duty or in campaign. That it does not add to the

general appearance of smartness of the troops may be easily imagined.

The regimental bands are very strong as to numbers, and do not play badly, being mostly taught by Germans who have wandered thus far in search of employment, and become bandmasters to one or other of the Servian regiments. Some of the national airs and marches are extremely wild, and have a great effect upon the soldiers, almost as much, indeed, as the pibroch has upon the men of a Scotch corps. One very curious thing connected with the Servian military bands, is the manner in which nearly all the regiments carry the big drum. Instead, as in other armies, of being slung in front of the man who plays it, this instrument is put upon a small two-wheeled cart, drawn by a large dog, the latter being so trained that he keeps his place in the band even through the longest marches. The drummer walks behind the cart, and performs on the instrument as he goes along. The arrangement is no doubt a sensible one; for who has not pitied the unfortunate big drummer in the English, French, and other armies, who is much more tied to his drum than the drum is tied to him? But when first seen this arrangement of the Servian army brings home to the English spectator reminiscences of country fairs and wandering showmen.

The worst arm of the Servian army is decidedly the cavalry. The men ride badly; their saddles, bridles, and horse-gear throughout are ill-fitting, out of repair, and dirty in the extreme. They have one rather showy squadron of hussars—about one hundred and eighty men—which does duty as a sort of body-guard to the sovereign prince, but even these have a tawdry, unsoldierlike appearance, and remind one very much of the soldiers that come on the stage in a melodrama at the Porte Saint Martin Theatre. This, and one other squadron of still more indifferent dragoons, form all the cavalry of the standing army. Of militia cavalry there are nearly six thousand men; but, beyond doing duty as orderlies, or perhaps as scouts in front of an army, they would be utterly useless in a campaign. They are badly dressed, badly armed, badly mounted, and perhaps the worst riders ever seen. If the Turkish cavalry ever get any of these squadrons on a plain they will make short work of them.

Perhaps what the Servian army most

excels in is the hardy habits of the men, their sobriety, and the ease with which they can be fed when provisions are scarce. When at home, and if he have the means, a Servian peasant will eat and drink his fill with any man living. He is not a drunkard, and is very rarely the worse for liquor; but at eating he might be backed against almost anyone in the world. He loves his coffee, his pipe, and his glass of rakee or arrack. But all these he can dispense with; and, when on a campaign, would pride himself upon wanting nothing but a few round cakes of unleavened bread—not unlike the Indian chowpaties—and a drink of water. The army he serves in is, perhaps, the most thoroughly national force in the world. He is obliged to take his place in its ranks; but he knows that the law is impartial, and that all his fellow-countrymen are in the same position as himself. He is also very fortunate in another manner: he never—save in a war like the present one—has to serve far away from home; in fact, never out of his own district. His trade does not suffer in the least because he is learning his duty as a soldier. For fifteen years—from the age of twenty to five-and-thirty—he has to be under arms twice a year, for a period of fifteen days each time; after five-and-thirty, until he is fifty, he has to do duty for one week every year; once past fifty he is altogether free of the service. In short, he is a defender of his country in the best sense of the word, and learns his duty, so to speak, at his own home. If all the troops in Europe were thus constituted, soldiering would not be looked upon with the intense dislike with which men regard it at present, and armies would not be so ruinously expensive as they are in other countries.

Whether the Servians will be able to stand against the Turks is a doubtful question, for the latter are to the former almost as five to one. But natural feelings, and, above all, religious hatred, go a long way. No one who has not lived in the East—or, at any rate, in Eastern Europe—can understand the intense hatred which the Christians in those lands bear towards their Moslem neighbours. The former are, in these days, much more fanatical than the latter; and the most fanatical of any are those belonging to the Greek Church. Whether the Servians or the Turks get the upper hand in the present war, it is certain that occurrences, at the very idea of which every civilised being

must be horrified, will take place. But it is a mistake to suppose that, in this matter, the Christians are one iota better than the followers of the Prophet; on the contrary, it is to be feared that they are, if possible, worse. A religious war must be always deplorable; but the campaign between the Turks and Christians of Servia will be long remembered in the annals of horrors; and if the latter get the upper hand, matters will, perhaps, be even worse than if the former carried the day. The Servians have much in their favour: they are fighting in what—rightly or wrongly—they regard as a holy cause; they are united as one man; they are well led, not badly disciplined, and are hardy in the extreme. Whether these qualifications will make up for the great preponderance of numbers on the part of the Turks remains to be seen, but it is quite probable that it may.

GOODWOOD.

THE affinity of cathedrals and racecourses is most curiously demonstrated in the case of Chichester. In some cases—as at York, Chester, and Lincoln, for instance—the chances are that the racecourse was first in the field. On the famous Roodee races have been run from the uttermost limit of historic times. Round that natural amphitheatre whirled strenuous charioteers and horses maddened with the lash, ages before the cross was planted in Britain. On that Knavesmire, famous for its surprises, the Roman dandy—to whom a campaign in Britain, cheered by the oysters of Rutupia, was as a spell in Canada, enlivened by the chase of bear and moose, is to the British grenadier—cursed his ill-luck in backing the favourite, at least sixteen hundred years before the dynasty of plungers. Of the Carholme less is positively known; but, as it was near a Roman station of considerable importance, we may rest well assured that the fierce joys of horse-racing were known on that last spur of the northern hills, before the building of the noble cathedral, from the summit of which “the devil looks o’er Lincoln.” In these three cases then it would seem that the cathedral came to the racecourse; but the exact converse holds good of Chichester, for Goodwood races are a new thing—an “institution” of the present century. There can be, by-the-way, no doubt that the first civilisers of this “tight little island” had their circus

at Chichester, as elsewhere, for the Roman was a good patriot, and of a sturdy nationality—like the Teuton, and, for that matter, the Briton of modern times. The Roman was not absorbed into conquered nationalities. Far from it. He generally contrived to fashion those of the conquered whom he did not kill, or carry into slavery, into very fair imitations of himself. Where he went he carried the circus; where he put down his foot there rose the dust of the chariot-wheel; where he dwelt were stately villas and spacious temples, ample tombs for the mighty dead, and crowded "columbaria" for the ashes of the meaner sort. Far towards Thule he drove his roads, built his walls, and carried his customs. By the banks of the then coalless and ironless Tees he drank his Chian wine, from those red cups of Samian ware, the fragments of which have written on the earth's crust no uncertain boundary of the Roman Empire; as the empty beer bottle and tin can mark the limits of modern civilisation. This shining red ware the centurion took with him wherever he went, as the modern Teuton carries his pipe, his blue spectacles, and his lager beer—as the Briton lugs with him his central-fire and his salmon-rod, his portable-bath and his cricket-bat. Wherefore there is no doubt that there was racing enough at Chichester at the date when Cogidunus—ruling England in the name of the Emperor Tiberius Claudius—gave permission to the Collegium Fabrorum, or College of Artificers, to dedicate a temple to Neptune and Minerva on account of the preservation of the Imperial family. Cogidunus very likely went to the races himself, and, being far too great a man to speculate openly, employed Gnatho—who managed his stable and ate his dinners—to lay out his sesterces to the best advantage. Regnum, as the Romans called Chichester—the Caercei of the Britons—must, from its name, have been relatively a place of much greater importance than it is at present. It stood at the junction of two Roman roads, one of which was subsequently known as Stane Street—the principal road to Londinium—and, from its proximity to the sea coast, would be valued as the first station of importance reached from Gaul. None of these favourable conditions, however, were sufficient to keep life in racing at Chichester. If Saxon chronicles are to be believed, it was one Ella, who, in 447, landed at West Wittering, took Regnum, after a tremendous fight, and put all the

inhabitants to the sword. It is further said that Chichester takes its name from Cissa, the son of Ella, but it does not much matter. The Saxons were uninteresting barbarians at the best; and now that the story of King Alfred in the neatherd's hut no longer commands belief, deserve nothing but oblivion. So far as the impartial modern can discover, through the mist of lies in which so-called history is enveloped, the Saxons came here, destroyed a civilisation which, if not perfect, was far better than anything that followed it for the space of twelve hundred years, and gave nothing in return. They found everything, and destroyed all but the art of fattening pigs and eating them, and, as a compensation, introduced habits of guzzling and drinking which yet cling to the country like a plague. From the advent of Ella to that of Norman William, the history of Chichester is night. Temple, villa, and circus all went down before the rage of the barbarians; who were yet cunning enough to maintain the wall, the "vallum," and ditch established by their polished predecessors. Through all the changes of time and rule a large portion of these walls survived—faced with masonry in Norman times, planted with flowers in the Georgian era.

Within and without the old line of fortifications mighty trees—relics of the great forest in which Caercei was a "clearing"—offer their grateful shade, keenly appreciated by the inhabitants who saunter on the walls in the pleasant hours of summer eventide, in the dreamy, happy fashion peculiar to the denizens of cathedral towns. Except on market-days, when Chichester asserts its importance as the centre of a great agricultural district, and at race time, it is eminently a peaceful abode, and a sojourn therein has the effect of a bath of quietude. For more than two hundred years the peace of the city has been unbroken. In 1642, the Royalists, under Sir Edward Ford, sheriff of the county, seized upon the city, and made a rallying-point. They invited Lord Hopton from the west, but the Parliamentarians were too quick for them; Sir William Waller sat down before the town with his cannoniers, who took up a position on the Broyle—an old Roman outwork—and "overshot the towne extremely." Shifting their batteries to the site of the present city workhouse, the artillery of the Commons soon made a serious impression, and after a week's fighting, prevailed

over the "malignants." Entering the city on Innocents' Day, Waller and some other officers made at once for the cathedral, and pounced upon the plate and ornaments, the soldiers disporting themselves by breaking down the organ with their poleaxes. At an early date, and under the rule of another Cromwell, Chichester cathedral also came in for rough usage. There was, and is, a local saint. St. Richard, sometime a Dominican friar, became Bishop of Chichester, and shortly after his death in 1253 was canonised by Pope Urban. Edward Longshanks paid a visit to his tomb, and gratified "Walter Lavel, the harper of Chichester, whom he found playing the harp before the tomb of St. Richard, in the cathedral," with the sum of six shillings and eightpence; but when the Reformation came, St. Richard was sent to the right about, and his shrine was taken down by order of Henry the Eighth's vicar-general.

Age has also done its work upon the cathedral church of St. Peter. Fifteen years ago the ancient spire descended upon its foundations—fell perpendicularly into the church—as an extinguisher descends upon a candle. The danger had long been foreseen, but although every effort was made to avert the catastrophe, by shoring up the structure, the disintegration of the old masonry had gone too far, and the spire literally sank down upon the tower and its foundations, thus doing the minimum of damage possible. The end was brought about more quickly than would otherwise have been the case, by a violent storm of wind, which arose on Wednesday, the 20th February, 1861—and as the local antiquary has it, "beat on the north-east side of the cathedral, which shifted, as night advanced, to the south-west." The new spire, which may be seen from afar off, rising above the foliage of Chichester, was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott. One advantage of Chichester is that its principal features can be seen at a glance—lofty spire, gray massive bell-tower, and town cross; another is that, owing to the original Roman plan of the streets having been preserved, there is no difficulty in finding the way anywhere. The main streets are directed towards the cardinal points, and intersect each other at the centre of the city, where stands a magnificent market cross, a complete Gothic edifice, built by Bishop Storey, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, upon a site obtained from the mayor and corporation for ten pounds. Those who go to

Chichester in July, if not overmuch taken up with their betting-books, should say a prayer for the soul of that public-spirited churchman. Under his market cross are open arcades, supplying shade with ample ventilation to the traveller weary of the hot dusty roads of this part of Sussex. Let him rest there on the stone seat and enjoy the delicious coolness of this most delightful of all possible summer-houses, and gaze placidly on the hot glare outside, and the tall graceful spire shining in the sun. In no degenerate modern room can be enjoyed the exquisite temperature of the market cross, protected by a mass of stonework fifty feet high—enriched with cunning workmanship—now so much decayed that it only seems to indicate its original excellence. Round the massive central pillar, from which spring the arches, there is room and to spare to sit and dawdle, to stand and gossip—to admire the cruciform town, with its North, South, East, and West streets. In olden times there was much business transacted under and around this cross—built a central object, at which chapmen might congregate. Till within the memory of the oldest inhabitant it was still used as a market by the poorer folk, who came there to sell their eggs and butter. It is almost to be wondered at that it has not been turned into a betting-ring during the race week; but this want of perception on the part of the betting fraternity is, perhaps, due to the extremely wide range over which Goodwood racing folk are scattered. It is not given to every man to go to Chichester. Brighton, Worthing, and Bognor withdraw a large number of speculators, who think a plunge in the Channel in the morning no bad preparation for a plunge on the course later in the day, and the leafy recesses of the Priory Park are less attractive than the various "Deans" or villages built in depressions of the downs near the racecourse. Large numbers of the general public come down from London, but all the energy of the railway company fails to make Goodwood as accessible as Ascot—a matter of delight to old-fashioned sporting men, who groan over the "vulgarisation" of Ascot by the importation of the cockney element. To run down to Goodwood and back in a day, in the hottest week of the entire year; to sit for hours in a stuffy railway carriage; to scramble for a fly; to drive through the dust whirlwind between the railway station and the park; and to go through all this again in the stifling heat of early

evening—after having lost one's money—is a trial which none but the most determined turfites will undergo. To a very select party—that is to say, to as many of his friends as the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's mansion will accommodate, the Goodwood week affords enjoyment, unalloyed by any bitterness save that which springs from the defeat of favourites. The long delicious summer morning may be passed in trim gardens, under the shade of mighty cedars, or in fragrant plantations, wherein pheasants—unheeding their future partnership with truffles, and knowing not the sportsman in his July garb—step mincingly. "Good things," "close finishes," and quiet gossip on the lawn, dispose of the afternoon, and then again, as the racers and their belongings depart, a great calm falls upon Goodwood—glorious indeed with its panorama of umbrageous trees, broad reaches of emerald grass, and, beyond all, its wide expanse of blue water, with countless wavelets, tipped with gold by the declining sun.

Goodwood House is hardly a thing of beauty when seen from the outside, for it labours under the disadvantage of having been built in the most wretched period of English architecture. In the first year of the present century the third Duke of Richmond employed Sir William Chambers to set his house in order. The original mansion—a Gothic structure—was ruthlessly torn down to make way for "the present noble pile," as the local historian is pleased to designate it. One glance at the exterior will convince the impartial spectator that amid a natural paradise of verdure, the architect has planted the ugliest building in the world.

But the tourist—who is very liberally admitted all the year, saving only during the race week—finds ample compensation for the ugly husk in its interesting kernel. Pictures are here galore—valuable not only as works of art, but as historical relics—the collection being especially strong in portraits of the Stuart family. Charles the First, by Vandyke, stands at full length in his robes of state, looking sadly and seriously enough out of his clean-cut foreign face. Of Charles the Second, the ancestor of the House of Lennox, there are many portraits here. One by Sir Peter Lely almost reproduces the features of the well-known portrait in the Royal Society—the downcast eyes, the long nose, and coarse mouth being perhaps more strongly accentuated in the Goodwood picture. Of Louise de Querouailles,

Duchess of Portsmouth, the mother of the first Duke of Richmond of the present line, there are many pictures. One represents a superbly-beautiful woman, tall and elegant in form, dressed in a dark-blue robe, disposed in loose *négligé* style, but with excellent effect. Another, evidently taken when she was several years younger, shows the pretty Frenchwoman in a crimson robe, and smiling out of the canvas with that particularly open and ingenuous smile, which not unfrequently serves to mask a politic brain. Fair Henrietta Maria, hapless daughter of Henry of Navarre, looks graceful and queenly in a white satin dress, richly ornamented with costly lace. Charles, the first Duke of Richmond of the present line, appears in one of the least happy efforts of Sir Godfrey Kneller. On this son of the Duchess of Portsmouth were bestowed the titles and estates of the Richmond and Lennox family, which devolved to the Crown on the death of James Stuart, Duke of Richmond, the amiable and independent but somewhat odd nobleman, who excited the laughter of De Grammont, but, for all that, married "la belle Stuart," to the intense fury of the king. Goodwood boasts a portrait of this high-minded nobleman, and several of "la belle Stuart," notably that in which she figures as Minerva. She was, unless Sir Peter Lely's "fancy portrait" does her injustice, by no means very beautiful. Her features, large and coarse, make up what is called a "good stage face," and her complexion is excessively dark; but it must be conceded that her figure and pose are most beautiful. Arrayed as Minerva, she wears a helmet surmounted by a large plume of feathers; the left arm leans on a pedestal, and the hand holds a spear; she wears a loose flowing dress, looped at the elbow by a circlet of brilliants, and a robe fastened on the right shoulder by an ornament, and falling in rich folds over the left arm and leg; a light cuirass covers the bosom. In fact, "la belle Stuart" is an old friend, and a very excellent friend into the bargain, no other than "Britannia" as that wave-ruling goddess appears upon the English coinage. The king, being desperately in love with the beautiful daughter of Lord Blantyre, caused a gold medal to be struck representing on the front the bust of the king, and on the reverse a portrait of Miss Stuart in the character of Minerva. It was shortly after transferred to the copper coin of the realm, on which it appears to this day unaltered in its general appearance as an

emblematic figure. In other pictures of this lady she appears to better advantage, especially in the half-length by Lely. Apparently the curly locks and loose dresses accommodated themselves to the redundant beauties of poor Katharine of Braganza's court, far better than the severe helmet and cuirass of the blue-eyed maid. Chief of the Vandykes at Goodwood House is the great picture of Charles the First, his queen, and their two sons, Prince Charles and James Duke of York. This picture has a strange history, two of its owners having been brought to the block. While in the possession of Charles the First it was valued at a hundred and fifty pounds, and on the sale of his effects was taken to France and found its way into the Orleans collection. There it remained till the execution of "Égalité," after which it was purchased by Mr. Hammersley, the banker, by whom it was sold, in 1804, to the third Duke of Richmond, for eleven hundred pounds. Vandyke painted three copies of this important work—that in question, one in the possession of the Queen, and a third belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. The third Duke of Richmond, who rebuilt the old hunting-lodge at Goodwood, had been ambassador to the French court, and received as presents from the French king, during his mission, a quantity of fine Sèvres china—preserved in one of the drawing-rooms—and the magnificent Gobelins tapestry with which the royal, or state, suite of apartments is adorned. The subjects are scenes from Don Quixote, beautifully designed and executed. In the state bedroom is a magnificent "four-poster," a gift of George the Fourth; and in the Prince of Wales's own snuggery is the famous Hogarth known as *The Lady's Last Stake*. Among the historical pictures in the larger rooms are a portrait of Marie de Medici, the great-grandmother of the first duke of the present time; a very curious old painting of the Cenotaph of Lord Darnley, his more remote ancestor, together with portraits of Cardinal Fleury, Madame Montespan, and Nell Gwyn, who shines among a galaxy of beauties, compared with whom long-suffering Katharine of Braganza makes a triste figure, caressing a pet lamb. From a small but exquisite Vandyke, handsome, ill-starred Montrose looks out thoughtfully, the very beau idéal of the highest and noblest expression of the cavalier—a very different personage from that mad wit, Killigrew, painted by the same master-hand. There are, of course, many portraits of the house

of Lennox; of the third duke, the diplomatist; of the fourth, who, when Colonel Lennox, fought a duel with the Duke of York, in the course of which that prince demonstrated his reckless courage and unyielding obstinacy; and of the fifth duke, the father of the present Lord President of the Council, who carried the bullet received at Orthez to his grave. Among the family pictures are choice examples of Gainsborough and Reynolds, Romney and Lawrence, including an exquisite portrait of the third duchess, by Reynolds. Other celebrities are not wanting in this magnificent gallery. "Culloden" Cumberland looks handsome enough, and by no means butcher-like, in his scarlet dress, and contrasts strongly with Kneller's Monmouth, painted years before the gloomy day of Sedgemoor. Not the least valued of these historic and artistic relics is Gainsborough's William Pitt, in a blue coat and ruffles.

Under glass cases are stored relics not less precious to many minds than the pictures on the wall. There is a shirt of the fine holland of Charles the First's time, once worn by that unfortunate monarch. This, it may be well to mention for the benefit of the morbidly curious, is not the garment in which the king suffered at Whitehall. That relic is in the possession of Lord Ashburnham. The shirt at Goodwood is a curious specimen of the fine cut-work of the period, open at all the seams, worked all over, behind and before—a fine example of that "thoroughness" which brought Strafford to an untimely end. There is also the watch worn by Charles the First, and his silver cup and spoon; his buckles and other objects of cavalier worship. Near these lie the Duchess of Portsmouth's watch; the white satin baby-shoes of her son; the gold breakfast-plate used by Napoleon the First at his breakfast before Waterloo, at La Ferme de Caillon; and the cockade and bâton borne by the Duke of Wellington on that great day.

The racecourse lies on high ground beyond the house, and has been made famous by the victories of foreign horses, who once enjoyed special advantages at Goodwood. The allowances, however, have long since been withdrawn, experience having proved that the "intelligent foreigner" is quite capable of holding his own, even on the slippery medium of the turf. Just past the winning-post rises yet another hill of more curious interest to many than the victories of Monarque and Starke. Beyond the heat and dust, the hurry and roar of the betting-

ring, is a circle of a very different kind, perched high on the hill of St. Roch, and overlooking a magnificent scene of wood and water, rich pasture and rolling downs. I wonder how many of the professional inhabitants of the modern ring ever heard of that above them. Many of them are said at times—when great stakes were pending—to have climbed this same Trundle Hill, or Hill of St. Roch, in order to get a view of the race, but none of these ever saw anything on the hill itself. The Chichester native is not much better in his way than the imported sportsman. In fact he is worse, for, having lived his whole life on the spot, he might be expected to know something about it. I regret to say that after careful, and, as far as possible, dispassionate observation, I am inclined to give up the Chichester native as a bad job. He is a good civil fellow, but he never knows anything. Happening to have heard from a friend, who combines a taste for horse-racing with a keen appreciation of antiquities, that there was something to be seen on Trundle Hill, I cast about to make inquiries in Chichester, and stood aghast at the small amount of information obtainable. Nobody knew when the cathedral shut up for certain; they thought it was "sundown," which might mean five, or six, or seven, or any time, in short—but nobody knew. Concerning the Trundle Hill, the testimony of Chichester was still more bewildering. All agreed that there was a hill from which the races might be advantageously seen, but as for their being anything "on" the hill, that notion was laughed to scorn. "Is there nothing there?" I asked desperately. "Nothing," was the reply; "that is, nothing but the view." This was discouraging, but I was fortified by printed matter; for although the local guide-book was silent concerning the sight on Trundle Hill, the ubiquitous John Murray endorsed the opinion of my antiquarian sporting friend.

With some difficulty I persuaded a flyman to drive me to the base of the hill sacred to St. Roch. I don't believe the man liked the job. It was all uphill, and the strange gentleman had got queer ideas that there was something to see on "Rook's Hill." So he drove there slowly and doggedly, after solemnly assuring me there was nothing to see. Leaving him at the base, I walked up a very gradual ascent to the crest of the hill, and there found the ring previously alluded to, not tenanted by phantom book-makers or deluded backers of horses, but by still

more innocent creatures—a flock of south-downs. The circular elevation is a magnificent specimen of the primitive hill fort. Its position and circular form would lead to the conclusion that it is of British origin, but the height of the wall and depth of the ditch suggest Roman influence. The great enclosure has an area of about five acres. The depth of the ditch must have originally been at least eighteen feet. Above this rises the massive wall, constructed partly from the earth dug from the ditch, and partly from that taken from the apex of the hill, which has been lowered to nearly the level of the fortification. At present, there are two entrances, but the original barbican was evidently on the west side; that on the east being a modern innovation. Exactly in the centre are the remains of a cell, now level with the ground, the walls of which are composed of flints, cemented with mortar so very hard as to render them almost immovable. Who lived up here, I wonder, in the ages long gone by? Was it a monk who dedicated his cell to St. Roch, and sought asylum on these lonely downs from the troublous world?—or was it a pagan—a worshipper of "Teut" or "Tuesco," the German god of wayfarers and merchants—who combined the functions of priest and watchman? Possibly each in turn, for no record remains of either, save the solitary cell and the name of St. Roch's or "Rook's" Hill. Concerning the earthwork there is no doubt. It may have been vastly improved and strengthened by the Romanised Briton, and sought by him as a refuge against the invading Saxon, who harried the coasts of Kent and Sussex. But the selection of the spot, the vast area, and the circular form, all point to the most ancient of all known forms of fortification—not excepting even the artificial peninsulas of the lake-dwellers. The primeval Briton, when attacked by rival tribes, collected his wives and children, his cattle and sheep, his goods and chattels together, and placed them for security on one of the fortified hill-tops, to storm which would require an overwhelming superiority of numbers. If defeated in combat, the fighting men fell back upon their fortified camp, whence, unless—as would appear possible on St. Roch's Hill—they were famished for want of water, they could securely defy their enemy. On what savage scenes have these green walls, flecked with golden blossoms, looked down in silence—two, three, or more thousands

of years ago? It must have been a strange spectacle. In the interior of the great green ring thousands of women and children huddled together with their flocks and herds, the more adventurous peering over the wall, only to see the smoke of their corn-fields and homesteads rising slowly and heavily on the evening air. Towards nightfall arrive the discomfited warriors, seeking safety for themselves and theirs on the friendly hill-top, which they are prepared to defend against any odds. Returning morn shows the baffled enemy glowering savagely at the wall, but taking good care to keep at a safe distance from the bowmen who man it, and finally retiring, burning and destroying as they go.

Such scenes of primitive war leave few records. We know not the names of the chieftains to whom a hill fort was as another Troy; we do know something of their weapons, their religion, and their ethnology; but of themselves, our ancient ancestors, we have but the faintest and most shadowy idea. Yet are their curious strongholds yet extant. The work of the conquering Roman is submerged in the flood of barbarism. Stern Roman castra and pleasant villas, adorned with every luxury which could make life agreeable, are hidden under the relics of Saxon village and Norman city, sunk deep in the mud of the Middle Ages; but the old hill fort, the retreat of hunted man in his earliest days, still survives, towering over the mimic warfare of the racecourse.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHIEL HOEY,
AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK VI. GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.
CHAPTER V. ROUTED.

THE improvement in Clement Kindersley's behaviour at home had not gone the lengths of habitual early rising; and when he did not present himself at the general breakfast-table, his father and sister allowed his absence to pass unnoticed. He would sometimes make his appearance a couple of hours later, and look in upon Madeleine, in her morning-room, in a mood more or less good-humoured or peevish, as the case might be. Of late Madeleine had observed him somewhat anxiously on these occasions—her observation of him was less superficial than his father's—and she did not like either his looks or his ways. The former did not indicate health; the latter were very unlike happiness; and a painful

feeling of apprehension about her brother was stealing over Madeleine's mind.

On the day after Mr. Conybeare had been taken ill, Madeleine came down to breakfast at the usual hour, and, to her surprise, found her brother waiting for her, and her father absent. Mr. Kindersley had gone to Wrottesley an hour earlier than usual. Her first glance at Clement alarmed Madeleine. He looked exceedingly ill, with haggard eyes, and a spot of bright colour on either cheek, which contrasted with the sallow paleness of his face. He made his sister a short, surly answer when she asked him a question about his health, and, as she remarked without comment, made a mere pretence of eating.

"Madeleine," he said, presently, "have you anything particular to do this morning?"

"No. Why?"

"Because I want to speak to you." He rose and pushed away all the things on the table before him. "Come with me into your room; tell the servants not to bother for a while. I have something to say."

Madeleine complied, keeping her composure, but full of secret alarm.

"Sit there," said Clement, placing a chair by the side of the fire for his sister, "and don't stare at me like that; if you do, I can't talk—you make me nervous." He passed his hand over his forehead, and tried to laugh; then began to walk to and fro at the back of Madeleine's chair.

"I will not look at you," she said. "For Heaven's sake tell me what is the matter!"

"Nothing very terrible, after all. Don't be frightened. I am in a bad scrape."

"Again! Oh, Clement!"

"Yes, I know, I know! I am a bad lot; a far worse lot than you think for. I have done things you cannot possibly know about, and I have never got my deserts. But that is not the question now. I am in the worst scrape of all; and if you do not help me out of it, the consequences may be dreadful."

"I! What can I do? Oh, pray tell me the truth! What have you done?"

"You could not understand what I have done; yet, perhaps you can, some of it; and I had better tell you, so that you may see that you must help me. When I was in London, you know, there was a fuss, and old Conybeare interfered?"

"Yes, I know." Madeleine was conscious that her brother was striving with strong emotion, while he spoke in a light tone, and that rebuke would be out of place.

"Dwarris knew of it too. It was

forgery." Madeleine started. "The name of a customer of the bank. Conybeare found it out, and paid the money, and let me off, on condition I would come and live at home. But another man had me in his power; I gave him one of the signatures, by mistake, one night when I was tipsy, and he has never let me go since. He is playing a game of his own, and he has made me help him in it. He has utterly cleaned me out of every shilling I can get from my father; and now, worse will come of it unless I can get away from him. I cannot tell you what it is that will happen, but I can prevent it by going away."

"Who is the man?"

"You know him well, Madeleine—Durant."

"What! Your friend, whom papa trusted? Your friend, whom you brought here?"

"Yes. He is a villain; there's the truth at last, and he has me in his power. But, if I can get away, and keep away for a while, I can stop what he is at; he can't do it without me, and I will let my father know all the truth. A blow-up and exposure here would ruin us. Durant's hold over me must come out. I couldn't prove what I know his scheme to be. The only thing is for me to get away; and then he will see it is no good his trying, and go too."

"I cannot realise it, Clement! I cannot believe it. Mr. Durant!"

"It is true, Madeleine. From the moment I met him on the door-step at Mrs. Randall's—I afterwards found out he was going there for no honest purpose; you'll know what it was if he leaves Wrottesley; everything must come out then—he has been an evil genius to me. I don't defend myself; I don't say I was not bad enough without any help or prompting; but he has made me a worse fellow than I ever thought I could be. Let me get away, Madeleine, and all may yet be saved."

"Let you get away! How can I do that?"

"Give me the money to go away with. I have not a shilling; and Durant has my notes of hand for a large sum."

"Tell papa the truth; he will give you money, and settle with this wicked man."

"He can't, I tell you. I am in the man's power, and I can prove nothing against him. I can't defy him, but I can escape; and if he once sees clearly that there's nothing to be done here of the kind he means to do, he will go. Let me go, Madeleine; if you don't, you will repent it all your life. And, remember,

I have trusted you; I am trusting you; and if you betray me, you can only ruin me, and do no one any good. There is not a minute to lose; I must be off in an hour, if dreadful harm is to be averted. Believe me, it is the only thing to be done, and my father will thank you for doing it when he knows all the truth. Give me money, and let me go; you have money, I know."

"I have. Papa has just given me a hundred pounds for the house. Is that enough?"

Clement Kindersley, even in that emergency, could not resist the temptation to profit by his sister's inexperience.

"Give me any loose money of your own that you have, for travelling expenses, and I will make the hundred do until I can square things with my father. Upon my word, Madeleine, I have a deuced good mind to tell you what Durant's other game was."

"Did it include or concern you?" asked Madeleine, whose alarm and perplexity were dashed with an irresistible sentiment of disgust towards her brother, and with some wonder at herself for being so little surprised at the revelation he had made of his own business.

"No; it was quite his own look-out."

"Then tell me nothing more whatever of Mr. Durant. If I do this I must risk papa's displeasure, and take your word for its being for his good and yours."

"You must indeed, Madeleine," said Clement, with a hard seriousness that, while it conveyed conviction to her, repressed all emotional demonstration. "You must merely tell my father that I have got into trouble, have gone away for a while, and will write all the truth to him so soon as it is safe to do so."

"What do you mean by 'safe'?"

"I mean, so soon as Durant leaves Wrottesley. When he finds out that he is quite beaten—and he will know that when he knows I am off, for the opportunity he has been waiting for, once lost, is lost for ever—he will go, and I shall be free from him, for I shall not be worth anything to him any more."

"I feel bewildered. I cannot understand—"

"You need not now; afterwards you will understand all. Only let me go."

"Where do you mean to go to?"

"I think Ireland will be best; but you must say to everyone, except my father, that I have gone to London. And now get me the money, Madeleine, while I put up a few things and write a letter or two. You must take me to the station in the

pony-carriage, and we must say good-bye unconcernedly at the gate, so that Bruce may not suspect anything."

All this had passed hurriedly, and when Madeleine left her brother and went to her room to get ready, she felt half stunned, unable to take in even the vague meaning of what Clement had said, beyond the fact that his safety depended on his getting away for the present. Her repugnance to Mr. Durant had been a just feeling then! Not merely a silly prejudice, founded upon her annoyance at his extraordinary likeness to Griffith Dwaris; but one of those forewarnings which we do not neglect with impunity. He, whom her father had welcomed as a true friend, had been her brother's worst enemy—worst, that is to say, after himself. Clement would always stand in that sad supremacy. What would her father feel? Would this be a great shock to him, this indefinite misfortune, which she should have to impart to him? And Griffith—what was she to say to him? He was to leave Wrottesley in a few days, and the parting would be all the harder, the uncertainty of their future all the more trying, with the renewal of the trouble about Clement. Clement called her impatiently, and the pony-carriage came round. She ran downstairs, and found Clement in the hall.

"Come in here a moment," he said, opening the door of the dining-room. "I have a few words to say. We cannot talk before Bruce. Here are two letters. When I am off, send them to Dwaris and Durant; but not until late in the day, and not by any of our people, so that no questions may be asked. Is that the money?"

"Yes; all I have."

"Thank you, Madeleine."

Clement kissed his sister, and his worn, weak face showed for a moment that he was touched by some emotion not wholly selfish.

"Good-bye," he said. "This is our real good-bye. I am taking the only way out of a terrible danger, and, if it turns out well, you shan't be long in suspense about me, and I will turn over a new leaf."

Madeleine said nothing. Concerning new leaves in Clement's life faith and hope had both deserted her.

Mrs. Kellett's "inmate" on the second floor had had a busy morning. Unexpected intelligence, he explained to Mrs. Kellett, rendered it necessary for him to leave Wrottesley without delay, and he therefore must relinquish his rooms. Mrs. Kellett received this intimation without

the regret which she usually felt on similar occasions. She did not like Mr. Durant, and her daughter was of her way of thinking. She suspected him to be what she called "a very bad friend to Clement Kindersley;" and she knew a good deal about the cards and the wine and spirits supplied to Mr. Durant. He, indeed, was seemingly never "the worse for liquor," but she could not say so much for his too-frequent guest. No; Mrs. Kellett was decidedly glad, and she readily acceded to the arrangements which Mr. Durant proposed. His luggage was to be packed and sent on in advance to London; and he, expecting a visit from Clement Kindersley and one or two other friends, would return with Clement to Beech Lawn, and leave Mr. Kindersley's house for London early on the following day.

"And if Mr. Kindersley knew as much about him as I do," said Mrs. Kellett to Miss Minnie, "he would be very glad to see him turn his back on Beech Lawn for ever and a day."

"I'm sure I'm glad he's going from here," said Miss Minnie, "for he gives me a turn many a time, especially since he's had his brown overcoat—exactly the same as Mr. Dwaris's. They'll be glad at the Dingle House: Miss Audrey, for one, can't bear him."

Mr. Durant had carried out all the preliminaries for his departure to his satisfaction, with one exception. He had confidently expected an early visit from Clement Kindersley; and, indeed, had urgent need of seeing him, but Clement did not present himself. Mr. Durant waited until he had barely time for the despatch of his luggage at the hour which he had mentioned to Mrs. Kellett; but Clement did not arrive. He went to the railway station, leaving a note for his friend; but it was useless. When Mr. Durant returned, the paper lay undisturbed on the table. He was passing from the condition of impatience to that of rage, when some one ran quickly upstairs and knocked at his door. It was Frank Lester.

He had come to tell Mr. Durant that he feared he should not be able to see him that evening. Mr. Conybeare was much more seriously ill than they had at first believed; and Frank Lester thought it probable he should have to watch the case that night. Mr. Durant was very sorry to hear this news, but he would hope for the best; if Lester could come in even for a short time, he would of course do so. He asked Lester whether he had

seen Clement Kindersley, but he had not. When he was alone again, Mr. Durant considered how Mr. Conybeare's increased illness was likely to affect his own plans, and decided that it would do so favourably; the more confusion there prevailed at the bank the better for him.

He would not be disconcerted, he would not be alarmed, by the non-appearance of Clement Kindersley. He fully believed that his victim dared not fail him. He had gained so great an influence over him at the commencement of their acquaintance, and it had been so rapidly consolidated by fear, that Mr. Durant had no doubt at all of its stability—thus making the not uncommon mistake of investing weakness with the attributes of strength; for, in truth, Clement Kindersley's feebleness of character deprived even fear of its intensity in his mind. Clement would not dare to fail him, and in the meantime, he would once more think out, in all its details, the daring plan which he had laid for perpetrating a robbery on the following day. As he mused, he fidgeted with two small objects, which lay on the table before him; a spectacle-case, and a tiny bottle containing a colourless fluid.

Griffith Dwarris was to make one of the small party, who should assemble in the evening to take a sociable farewell of the agreeable person who had occupied Mrs. Kellett's second floor, with no apparent purposes, for several weeks; and the contents of the little bottle were to be dexterously administered to him in his last glass of wine. Mr. Durant and Clement Kindersley were to accompany Griffith Dwarris to the Dingle House, and, as the stupefying drug would have by that time begun to act on Griffith, Clement was to insist on remaining all night with his friend, affecting to believe him intoxicated, and to avert alarm from Mr. Dwarris, who would have retired to rest long before. Mr. Durant, who should have finally vacated his lodgings, would be supposed to have gone on to Beech Lawn, but in reality would sleep at a tavern in the town; where he would be joined in the morning by Clement Kindersley, who would have secured Griffith's keys, and volunteered to announce at the bank, and to Frank Lester, the fact of his indisposition, and of the impossibility of his attendance. For the rest of his daring scheme, Mr. Durant trusted to himself only. It would require great courage, and the coolness of a trained actor; and he believed that he possessed both in sufficient measure to

ensure success. He had studied every movement of Griffith Dwarris's since he had been planning this bold stroke; he had seen him in his place at the bank, and had learned, partly by questioning him and partly by forcing Clement to recall his reminiscences of the brief period during which he had submitted to the drudgery of business, as much of the official routine as would be necessary for his audacious personation. Circumstances cohered wonderfully for his design. He had been afraid of Mr. Conybeare, and Mr. Conybeare was harmless; he had been uncertain of the worth of the risk he should run, considering the shortness of the time during which it would be possible to incur it; and it had come to his knowledge that a large sum, arising from some rents of the Despard Court estate, which must pass through the hands of Griffith Dwarris, was to be paid in on the following day. This information, when it reached him, decided him; he had hitherto been wavering, while there remained the slightest chance of his carrying out a more agreeable and less dangerous project. He had provided himself with spectacles, such as Griffith Dwarris wore, and by putting on which he rendered the resemblance between them astonishingly complete. His appearance at the bank would be brief, if all went well; and when he should have quietly stepped out with his booty, Clement Kindersley's message, that Griffith Dwarris was ill, would be supposed to refer to the present moment, and would call for no notice. The hours, during which Griffith's return to resume his duties would be expected, would serve to place Mr. Durant beyond the reach of discovery; and when the truth should become known, he had the pleasantest conviction that no vehement effort would be made to pursue and punish him.

The complicity of Clement in the robbery, which must be instantly apparent to his father, would furnish an irresistible reason why Mr. Kindersley should replace the stolen money, and leave the story untold, if possible—in any case the mystery, which would instantly explain itself to all concerned, unsolved. If he could but secure the booty he aimed at, he had very little fear of the consequences. He had not formed any exact plan for the future, beyond the intention of quitting England immediately; a regrettable necessity, but not to be avoided in his case, as he had been so unlucky. Mr. Durant had brought Clement Kindersley to the point of degra-

dation at which the unfortunate young man consented to become his confederate in crime, by a very simple process.

"Your father," he said, "and Mr. Conybeare, saved you from the consequences of your imprudent use of another man's name, so far as they could anticipate those consequences. But they cannot save you from them in the instance which has put you into my power. It is all very fine for you to say that your father would buy this bit of paper of me for double its value; but it's worth a great deal more to me, and a great deal more I mean to have. I should be obliged to take his offer, if I were willing to conceal a forgery, you know, and should not stand very much lower in reputation, while being a deuced deal better off, by helping myself. The game here is up anyhow."

"It hasn't been a bad game, either," said Clement, in a sullen voice, which he did not venture to raise above a grumble. "You've had a good haul out of me."

"Quite true," assented Mr. Durant, cheerfully, "especially while it was played on the pleasant system of cash payments; but that is altogether beside the matter, which is, that I shall be in no danger of any real pursuit, for two reasons—one, that the trick could not be done without your having a hand in it; the other, that I should adopt that stale old device of fiction, which nevertheless has excellent sense to recommend it, and take measures for exposing you simultaneously with your father's measures for punishing me. So that, on the whole, I think we had better come to an understanding which will rid you of me for ever, at an expense which, if your father were wise, he really ought not to object to—what do you say?"

Clement had nothing to say, except that the risk was immense, and that Durant must "cut it very fine indeed," to carry the scheme through.

"Yes," said Mr. Durant, with a curious smile; "but I rather like that kind of thing. This is not the first bridge of hair I have crossed."

For a short time Clement Kindersley cheered himself up with the hope that Mr. Durant would not require to carry out this audacious project; but when that hope was dispelled, he afforded a striking proof of how readily a tolerably clever rogue may outwit himself by underrating the wisdom of a fool, or the courage of a coward. Durant had com-

mitted himself in just one instance, in writing—only an ambiguous sentence or two, it is true, but enough to confirm Clement's story as he should tell it to his father, if he were driven to the revelation; and the rogue-victim resolved to set the rogue-tyrant at defiance.

The hours passed on; Mr. Durant saw nothing of Clement Kindersley; and it was already dark when a letter was brought to him, the address in Clement's hand. The bearer was Miss Minnie Kellett, who, with an emphatic air of protest, explained that it had been sent from the bank, and that there was no one downstairs just then, except herself. "And I'm sure I hope you ain't ill, Mr. Durant," added Miss Minnie, much struck by the change of countenance which Mr. Durant could not conceal; "though you do look it, there's no denying."

"Thank you, I'm quite well. Is there anything more?"

"Nothing more, whatever," replied Miss Minnie, with a toss of her head; and then she marched haughtily away, to express her satisfaction downstairs, that they were about to be rid of an "inmate," who looked so much as if he was going to be hanged, and deserved it.

Mr. Durant broke open Clement Kindersley's letter, and read as follows:

"DEAR GRIFFITH,—Will you trust me, little as I have deserved your confidence, that I have good reason, which shall soon be fully explained, for begging that you will not go to Durant's to-night. It is of the greatest importance that you should not go there. I am off for the present. Madeleine knows all that I can tell anyone at present; but when I am certain that Durant has left Wrottesley, I will explain all. Avoid seeing him if he does not go at once; and be quite sure that I have the best reason—one very disgraceful to myself—for what I say. Keep this entirely to yourself. Yours always, C. K."

In a moment Mr. Durant perceived the situation. There was the address—George Durant, Esq.—as plain as print on this supremely treacherous letter, intended for Griffith Dwaris. Clement Kindersley was gone, then! He had escaped him; endangering him to what extent? To the extent of the communication Clement had made to him (Durant), in the letter which had evidently been mis-sent to Griffith Dwaris. How should he know, how should he discover, what that communication was? He was shaken with a storm of baffled rage, in whose whirl many

voices spoke, and most loudly, perhaps, that of his fury at the rebellion of his victim, the triumph of the fool, the daring of the coward. But pressing considerations of his own safety urged him more strongly than anger, and restored him to the power of considering what it was best for him to do. The crime he had meditated had become impossible; in the few minutes since Miss Minnie had brought him the letter, the whole scheme had receded to an infinite distance, and his mind was occupied with only one question: "How much did they know?" After a little thought he came to a decision. A messenger from the bank had brought Clement Kindersley's letter to him; he might ascertain whether that intended for him had been received by Griffith at the bank, or taken to the Dingle House. Mr. Durant never lacked nerve to face a situation which he fully understood; but, like the bravest, he shrank from the unknown. It cost him a considerable effort to walk down to Kindersley and Conybeare's; and he did so without giving a thought to the communication which Miss Minnie Kellett had made to him respecting Mr. Conybeare. When he reached the house he found it closed, as regarded its business purposes, but the wide, respectable door was opened, at his summons, by a servant of Mr. Conybeare's, whose grave face supplied Mr. Durant with his cue. He inquired whether Mr. Dwaris was there, and, being answered in the affirmative, asked for Mr. Conybeare.

"He is very ill indeed," was the reply. "Mr. Lester and Mr. Dwaris are here, and will stay all night."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear that. Could I speak to Mr. Lester for a moment?"

"If you will walk in, sir," replied the man, "I will inquire."

Mr. Durant walked into the hall, and saw on the table, together with Griffith Dwaris's hat and gloves, the letter concerning which he was anxious. He snatched it up the moment the man was out of sight. It had not been opened. Mr. Durant deftly unfastened the envelope, slipped the sheet which it contained into his pocket, refastened the empty cover and replaced it on the table.

"Mr. Lester is very sorry, but he cannot come down just now, sir," said the servant, returning; "but he and Mr. Dwaris will see you, later, if possible."

Mr. Durant read Clement Kindersley's letter by the light of the beneficent lamp, of which mention has already been made. It contained these words:

"I am off where you cannot find me. And, even if you could, I defy you. I don't believe you could do me any harm, and you will be too sharp to try. I have not told the truth to anyone, and if you let me alone, I don't mean to tell it. I have only put G. D. on his guard. We are quits, I think, and you had better make up your mind there's nothing more of any kind to be extracted from C. K."

"Not altogether quits," said Mr. Durant to himself, as he tore Clement's letter into small pieces, and scattered them in the roadway; "there's a balance in my favour after all."

He returned to his rooms, told Mrs. Kellett that, in consequence of Mr. Conybeare's state, his friends would not sup with him that evening, so that he should start at once for Beech Lawn; took a gracious leave of the widow and her daughter; and, carrying a small bag, departed from the second floor for ever. Miss Minnie proceeded to an immediate inspection of the sitting-room, where useless preparations for the countermanded supper were in progress, and returned to report to her mother that everything was in order, and Mr. Durant had forgotten nothing but a pair of spectacles. Mrs. Kellett remarked that they could not be his; they must be a pair of Mr. Dwaris's.

Meantime, Mr. Durant walked quietly to the railway station, and reached it in good time for a late train to a junction at a couple of hours' distance from Wrotesley. He did not meet anyone whom he knew, and he believed himself unobserved. This was not, however, the case, for two women passed him on foot, immediately after he came out of Mrs. Kellett's house, and one said:

"Is that the man?"

The other replied: "Yes, my lady, that is Geoffrey Dale."

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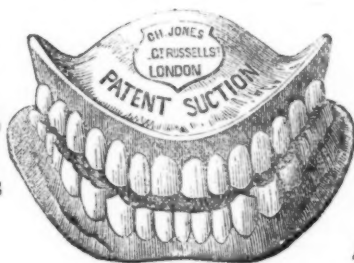
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